Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

partly provoked by passion or false blame. He was too niggardly of applause for well doing, not considering, that, though the hire is worthy of the labourer's faithful services, yet additional praise would be easily conferred. the love of it is natural, and the withholding of it tends to dishearten. He was rather jealous of his servants' honesty, over-prying into their trivial secrets, and too watchful of their mispendings of time. Were they addicted to diversion and idleness; he was a churl of an hour's innocent amusement.

To all these imperfections the reader will not attach the reproachful character of a bad master; especially when he is told, the servant had always plenty of wholesome food, was seldom disturbed in his rest, unless by his own folly, received no rigid correction, had never to keep the field on a wet day, or in severe weather, and got the full amount of his wages, with assistance in disposing of it to the best advantage. Jack grew fat, and might have been happy and contented: but man is fond of novelty and change, and never more so than when comfortably situated. After five year's service, he expressed an intention of choosing a new master: rather, however as a device for increasing his wages, and enhancing his value, than with a sincere desire to depart. To have flattered him to stay would have been attended with no good consequences. At the term he was allowed to depart, and obtained such a certificate, and only such, as he deserved. The too prevalent practice of giving a false testimonial with bad servants, is very improper. It is a means of cherishing those failings which, by giving a true character, might be corrected. It is an imposition on the next employer, a defeating of the design and advantage of certificates, and a perversion of the duty we owe to our neighbour. By the waste of war, male servants are drained from the countr . The great number of bidders, and scarcity of the commodity always raise its price, and prevent the purchaser from rejecting an indifferent article, where a better cannot be had. Jack soon found another place, where being a stranger, he was an excellent servant for a while. In process of time his evil habits began again to discover themselves: and his night raking and gallantry issued in the pregnancy of a neighbour's youthful maid. As many of his superiors have done, he did not act the part of a villain in abandoning the innocent dupe of his artifice to a ruined fortune and broken heart. He yoked himself with her for life, for better and for worse, in the sweet bands of matrimony, premeditating very little on where he should pitch his tent, or respecting the necessaries wherewithal he should furnish a cot and commence housekeeping. If "*multiply and replenish the earth,* is an injunction of the best political philosophy ever given to man," the poor obey this injunction more readily and more successfully than the rich.

Before we give Jack's history in this new relation, a brief sketch of the character of his yoke-fellow, as "in female servant station," might not be unacceptable.

Ballynahinch, S. E.

To be Continued.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

LUCY AND EMMA, A TALE.

LUCY and Emma were inhabitants of the same village, and their age was nearly the same It is hard to say whether their natural dispositions were the same or not, because from the first dawn of childhood they were treated so differently Lucy was judiciously treated, and Emma by improper management became a cross untractable child. Mrs. Smith, the mother of Lucy, was a woman of fine natural understanding; she thought she discerned the same qualities in her daughter, but she was aware that either fine taste, or strong understanding was insufficient to render her either truly amiable or happy: she considered that the one often promotes discontent with plain people and useful employments, and that the other, when not well directed, renders the possessor obstinate and unfeeling. From the time that Lucy's little hand was able to pull the tea-

things off the table, her mother forbid her by the monosyllable "dont," which was sufficiently strong, and was an expression long enough to suit Lucy's comprehension. No tears had any avail to change the resolution of Mrs. Smith; she often endeavoured to please the child by turning her attention to other objects, but never submitted to her strong little will. This was her practice upon all occasions, so that Lucy well knew that "dont" was an irrevocable decree. On the contrary when Emma attempted to take any thing she was first refused, she then cried and obtained her wish, threw it away or destroyed it, and cried again for something else; the same process continued till her wishes were past human reach, nothing then could pacify her till sleep or weariness gave relief to her hearers; as her strength encreased, her wishes encreased, and her will became stronger, as her genius brightened, she more ingeniously tormented her attendants Happily use reconciles us to almost every thing, for Emma's tears were of course, and at length affected her hearers little except to induce them to supply her wants till their resources were exhausted. Mrs. Delmond, the mother of Emma, was what is called a sensible woman; indeed she had sense enough to enable her to act very differently from what she did, she was generally esteemed an agreeable person to spend an evening with, and could keep up a conversation in so general a manner that nobody was displeased with her; she had also read whatever was much recommended by her acquaintance; her circumstances were very limited, so that she was forced to pay much attention to her child, otherwise she would gladly have left her to a hireling; and she did so whenever it was in her power. She always considered the care of her daughter as a burden, rather than an interesting and engaging employment. When Emma began to speak and happened to be in good humour, her company was truly pleasant, her remarks were again and again repeated, and she was considered by all the family as a wit; they often made comparisons between her and Lucy, who spoke plain enough, but seldom was remarked except as a quiet inoffensive child, with foolish affection for her mother.

When they were about ten years of age it was observed, that Emma was taller and nicer formed than Lucy, which encreased Mrs. Delmond's wish to adorn her daughter with fine clothes; she attended strictly to her carriage and complexion; her clothes must not be wide, and her face must never be uncovered before the sun. Mrs. Smith thought little of these exterior qualities or ornaments; Lucy's clothes were easy and neat, she was healthy and upright, there were regular hours for her several occupations; when she was at play she was positively free and happy, her hours of school or amusement never seemed tedious; her mother had always inculcated the love of usefulness, the school was no drudgery, and her appetite for pleasure was never cloyed by great indulgence, so she was easily pleased at play. Emma's hours were very differently spent, she had an aversion to settle to any one thing after the novelty was over; she learned what she undertook quickly, that is, she took it up soon, her mother attributed her want of perseverance to a bright understanding which was unfit for drudgery, and to a vivacity which it would be wrong to curb. It was found almost impossible to satisfy Emma's wishes for amusement. But Lucy was still the happiest.

Mrs. Delmond intended to be very particular about Emma's reading, but, her education was such that she could not bear to read any serious work, yet as she had taste and little employment, she was never without a book. Novels are the most palatable food for such a mind, as pickles and spiced food to a weak stomach; as they encreasingly injure the tone of it, so they are encreasingly coveted. After having read of the imaginary miseries and happiness of these novel characters, Emma believed herself still more miserable; secure from adventures, she only wanted the temptation to run away with some swain and break her mother's heart; but as there was no

opportunity for such a great event, she made her mother unhappy by appearing always discontented and never assisting in her family concerns; all the people she saw who minded their business in a plain way she despised, her mother she thought weak and stupid, and Lucy a prude. Mrs. Smith she looked upon as a tyrant. She never took time to look into her own mind and see its confused state, for in those hours suited for contemplation she was reading novels, or in her lonely walks she was forming plans of romantic happiness. Not thus lived Lucy; as soon as her mother thought she was capable she was instructed in the arts of house-keeping; she was not all at once involved in these concerns, but what was her part must be done, her chief relaxations were working in her mother's company or reading. She was not only furnished with suitable books of religion, morality, history and poetry, but she was blessed with a solid mind capable of understanding and relishing them. As there was always a degree of intimacy between Lucy and Emma they recommended their books to each other. Emma, as might be supposed, seldom relished Lucy's taste, and as Lucy was in the habit of consulting her mother on all occasions and relying on her judgment, she was easily persuaded to return Emma's wretched novels unread. Mrs. Smith was not frightened at the name of a novel, and was sometimes pleased with one, which amidst the general trash was tolerable, but she believed that they were all too highly seasoned for a young mind to digest; she saw her daughter happy, and dreaded that even the best of these books might unsettle her mind. She thought the generality of novels created the first principles of almost every vice.

When Lucy and Emma had attained their 18th year they began to attract admirers. Indeed Emma never spoke or was silent, sat down or stood up, or walked across the room that she did not suppose herself in an interesting attitude, and an object of admiration. She now entirely ceased occupying herself at any domestic employment; finding the day always too long she never got up till breakfast was waiting; she was seldom seen in the parlour with her mother except at meal-times, or if visitors called; she staid in her room reading novels, dressing herself, or viewing herself in the glass, and sometimes she walked out either with improper company or to nourish romantic notions. A very young man who had but little experience of people or things, and who thought nothing was so charming as a companion through life of infinite sensibility, was touched by Emma's pensive air, and expressing his passion in the most strong and tender manner to her and her mother, they concluded to accept of him. Emma thought the fulness of her hopes was about to be realized. The young man possessing little of what Emma called the filthy dross of this world was no objection to her, as she had always wished to *live in a cottage on love*. Her mother, indeed, who knew that either labour or money is necessary to support life in any station, had some fears for her darling daughter, but the joy of having her settled, and the affectionate protestations of Mr. Kemmy, which was the name of the lover, silenced her fears. They were accordingly married and removed to a thatched house in the centre of Mr. Kemmy's farm.

In the mean time Lucy was more and more the companion and assistant of her mother who knew that the mind of an animated young person must have some object to interest it. Her reading was such as to improve her taste, strengthen her mind, and instruct her heart. Her domestic employments regularly pursued gave her a relish and constant interest in common life and an aversion to idleness; her benevolent exertions opened her tenderest feelings, and gave her fortitude to bear comparatively trifling evils, and gratitude for the happiness she enjoyed. Her mother's company and her own observations turned every scene and circumstance to a profitable account; thus fortified she was prepared to bear the strokes of misfortune, or the intoxicating draught of prosperity without being overwhelmed or unreasonably elated. In her childhood the remarks which she uttered were not

taken much notice of, so that, at no time of her life did she fancy herself observed or admired; she unaffectedly said and did what she thought right. Her feelings and affections were all alive though not wasted upon trifles; it is frequently observed that those who waste their affections upon trifles feel the least strongly or permanently for real losses.

Lucy was every day reaping the benefit of a good education when her mother died. Mrs. Smith was lamented by all ranks. Great indeed was Lucy's loss and great her affliction, but being always accustomed to give up her own will, she did not refuse to listen to consolation. She found much more satisfaction in the rough expression of the poor than the ceremonious visits of the rich; she was convinced of the sincerity of the poor family, when with one accord they said "Oh, may the Lord comfort you and shower his blessings upon you; your sweet mother was good, for she comforted us and showed goodness to us;" but when the fashionable lady comes in she inquires "how long was Mrs. Smith ill; colds are very prevalent this season, and are frequently fatal, but Miss Smith you should come out to see your friends, you will hurt your health" It need not be remarked that the rich and poor are born with the same feelings and the same sincerity, but as the rich have it in their power to amuse themselves in various ways, their affections are more divided, and experiencing few worldly privations, they so little know how to value what they posses, that they are less likely to sympathize with the distressed; as all these circumstances are quite the reverse with the poor, so the effects of them are also opposite. The attention of the rich and gay are also so hurried by trifles that they have not time to enter into any solid feeling, and they are so spoiled by indulgence that they turn away with disgust and weariness from the house of mourning.

Lucy was not suffered inactively to pine, for another affliction of a different kind awaited her. Mrs. Smith's yearly income was small, but with economy supplied all their wants, and afforded means every year to lodge a small sum in the hands of a friend for Lucy, as her income was to cease at her death; but this friend to all appearance wealthy and trusty became a bankrupt, so that Lucy soon heard that she had lost her whole fortune; her first sensations afforded pleasure that her mother could never hear of it, she also considered that a necessity to exert herself might be of use to her troubled mind; her friends proposed many plans for her support. She knew how to do many kinds of work, and she was capable of instructing children, but in a small village her business would scarcely be sufficient to defray the expenses of house-keeping, at least she feared to run the risk, particularly when on applying to her friends, who had formed so many plans for her, she found not one of them was in want of any wares or talents that she could produce. She had very little money and there was no time to be lost; she was invited to visit some friends but she conceived that the long visit of a dependant was in danger of becoming irksome to both parties; and her habits of settled industry gave her such a relish for home that she could not bear to fly from one place to another, thus scattering her attention and affections, so that she preferred a laborious home to any thing which offered. She heard of a lady about twenty miles from her native village who wanted a servant to attend her children, she proposed herself and was accepted.

Lucy was not twenty years of age, of a pleasing countenance, person and manners, a fine understanding, a highly cultivated mind, her heart depressed with extreme sorrow for her mother, and reduced as she was, yet having a natural dread of depending on strangers—when thus endowed and thus depressed she became a children's maid to a fine lady, altogether different from Mrs. Smith. This lady fancied herself an affectionate mother because she indulged her children; being too lazy to keep them in order. It was her custom to make bug-bears of their father and the servant who attended them; consequently these hated monsters were

applied to on emergencies or when she was tired of them She was never known to keep a children's maid more than three months, because as the children were peevish with those they loved, they were cruel and tyrannical with their miserable butt;—their father was more fortunate, for their dread of him made them fly from his presence. Lucy, who had a mind superior to her mistress, resolved to bring herself to her condition, she determined to bear every hardship which might occur with patience, and whenever it was in her power she intended to improve the wretched manners of the children. The day after she went there she was sent for to carry the children to the nursery, but by the time she had reached the parlour another humour had seized her mistress, and she was told she was only sent for to frighten the children because they were bold; again she was sent for and ordered to carry them away one by one; they were all crying and kicking. Lucy was hardly able to fulfil her orders, and when she found herself shut up with these mischievous little animals she could not but painfully remember her former peaceful hours. Here was all confusion among this little fry who were to be her companions, and who, if well educated, she fancied capable of cheering her melancholy hours with their innocent prattle. In all the rest of the family there was no kindred mind; she continually made comparisons between present and past times, and in the enthusiasm of youth she felt the glow of poignant regret at the recollection of her mother, her former occupations and refined amusements; still feeling as high or higher relish than ever for these things—or when she witnessed the distress of the poor who crouded round her master's gate, and saw them not only refused relief, but dispatched with insulting language, how did benevolence mixed with indignation spring up in her mind. It had been Lucy's constant habit to meditate deeply upon her actions and thoughts, to endeavour to bring them to the test of rectitude, and the result of these meditations now was to bring her mind to her condition, and to do all the good in her power. She was unaccustomed to children, but having heard her mother say how improper it was to pacify them when crying through ill humour, she sat down in the midst of them, proceeded with her work, and appeared to take no notice of them; their shrieks encreased to such violence that she was alarmed, and lest they should go into convulsions she was forced to beseech they would be good, but her voice was not heard in the tumult which encreased when she spoke; the housemaid now opened the door with a message from the mistress that Lucy would not teaze the children. "Come to your own Betty my jewel, my heart's delight" says Betty to little Jane, who cried the loudest, come and I'll give you cake and sugar, and dont stay with bold Lucy. In vain Lucy, their hated slave, could reason with the remaining three. Mary, the eldest soon ran to her mamma with accounts of Lucy's cruelty and laziness—the servant man came for master John, who accompanied him to the stable, and thence to the cook who treated them both with a cut off the spit. Anna alone remained with Lucy, she was about seven years old, and was of a gentle disposition, but fretful by bad management. Lucy had no cake to offer or she might have been tempted, but she promised if she was good to give her a pretty book, which she immediately performed; but Anna could not read, yet she listened to Lucy reading and was much amused when Mary came to inquire for the children. Lucy was frightened and ran to seek them; there was no account of Betty and Jane, she found John in the stable, but he was going to water the horses with Pat; upon which this poor victim of all the humours of the family informed her mistress that Jane could not be found, and John was going to ride. "Bring me no such message" said the mistress; "it is your business to keep the children with you wherever you are" Lucy retired with painful sensations; she had never seen her mother unreasonable, and she now thought appearances were against her. "Some

natural tears she dropped, but wiped them soon," some keen reflections she made upon the treatment of servants, but banished them soon, bowed under the yoke, and in vain sought for John and Jane; but her condition was not so bad as she expected, for her mistress never enquired more about them, and would not have inquired for them but at Mary's instigation. It was Mrs. Thomson's plan to throw all the trouble of her children upon her servants, whom she remarked were paid for it, and if there was any amusement in them she took it, because her rank was such that amusement was proper for her. When her children were not with her, she cared very little where they were; but when she could shew care for them at the expense of another she made enquiries, ordered a hunt and forgot them. Betty was in the habit of drinking, and under pretence of airing the children she used to take one of them with her, generally the youngest, being least likely to betray her. The former children's maid willingly gave up a part of her charge as long as Betty pleased, sometimes this little victim was not laid in its bed till 12 o'clock, or if any inquiry was made, there was always some plausible favourite who settled the difficulty.

Betty intended to continue these bad measures, but Lucy told her she was accountable for the safety of the children, and would complain to her mistress if she ever took them out. Betty was undismayed, having no idea that Lucy would dare to make an enemy of a fellow servant; she was always provided with cakes or playthings, or pretty stories, or some artifice fitted for their several ages; she soon discerned that Mary was a favourite with her mother, disliked Lucy, and was ingenious at representing things as suited her purpose, accordingly Mary was the engine she made use of to revenge herself on Lucy. Whenever Betty found Mary alone, she would begin her artifice by telling her what a fine young woman she was grown, how like she was to her sweet quiet mother; "how pleasant a house we had, Miss Mary, before Lucy came among us, but it is not clear to me but the conceited upstart wants to crow over us all, aye, and alter the very customs of the house, but sure Miss, your mamma has too high a spirit to allow of the like" Mary's pride being hurt, she replied, "No really, my mother wont allow any one to be mistress of this house but herself. Lucy is a lazy girl, and I will let my mamma know." Mrs. Thomson much disliked knowing or hearing any detail of her affairs, but Mary knew how to awaken her attention, she was extremely proud, and could ill brook that even her husband should know or say any thing better than herself, accordingly she took a fixed dislike to Lucy, her accent which was genteel, but quite unaffected, she said made her sick, for she hated that servants should mince their words, if she did not use flattery or crouching terms (which are often used by the poor from their continual habit of dependence) she was termed rough and saucy. Every means was taken by mistress, children, and servants, to mortify her. Betty fearlessly pursued her wicked schemes, at night she was drunk, in the day she was gaining favour with every one but Lucy

At length Lucy thought it would be very blameable to refrain any longer from laying the whole affair before her mistress. She went into her room when she was alone, and said she wished to speak to her about something of consequence. "Well speak fast, for I have not a moment to spare. I expect some morning visitors immediately. Have you so much handiness as to pin that flower on my head? No, I see by your manner you have never been used to any thing of this kind. What have you to say?" "I have," said Lucy trembling, "been long uneasy about Betty's conduct." "I pray, interrupted Mrs. Thomson, "you will bring me no stories; I have neither time to listen to them, nor inclination to be made uneasy about those I employ; I never had so many complaints as since you came." "As I have not the care of your servants," said Lucy, "I would not have troubled you, but your child is con-

cerned." "It is your business to mind the children, and not either mine or Betty's. I pay you more wages than my former servant in your place, because I heard such a great character of you, but I find if servants are not rogues or drunkards, they are as bad, or worse, for they grow so proud that we lose all authority in our own houses. Pray dont disturb me any more, but mind your business. Dont you hear the knock at the door? if it be that dictating being, Doctor A——, tell him I am not at home." Lucy opened the door, the person was Doctor A——, she stood wavering; she was so unfashionably educated as never to tell a lie upon any occasion. Doctor A——'s penetrating eye saw her embarrassment, and he said, "Ah! child I understand, you were desired to say that your mistress was not at home, Eh?" "I believe sir," said Lucy, "my mistress is not ready to wait on you." "Never," said the Doctor, "suffer those lips to be defiled by delivering a false message. A good conscience, young woman, is not to be thrown away for any of the fashions of the day. You are a great deceiver if you have not an honest heart, but you have a sad countenance. You are too young to have a heart-ache." Lucy burst into tears, and ran up stairs to the nursery; her fellow servants heard all that passed, and felt their hatred and fear of her to increase. With agony she considered her situation, mortified on all hands, accountable for the care of the children, despairing to improve their minds, dreading the destruction of their lives from Betty's wrong conduct, and expecting all blame would fall upon her, she had almost concluded to seek out another place, when the remembrance of her mother's counsel rose on her mind like a sunbeam, and she sobbed out the following soliloquy "No, I will not leave this place merely on account of my sufferings—was it for this that my mother curbed my childish will, inured me to industry, told me of the troubles which await us all, and pointed to Heaven as our reward if we bear all with patience. If I never were to experience trouble what use should I make of her angelic counsels Even if I should leave this scene of confusion and injustice, perhaps I might enter into a worse, as servitude must still be my portion." These reflections were not always made alone, for Lucy had become acquainted with Owen the gardener. It sometimes happens that servants in every post in these grand establishments are corrupt except the gardener; whether it is that his occupation is particularly favourable to drawing morals from surrounding objects, or his loneliness renders him contemplative, or both, but Owen was a most amiable and shrewd old man; like philosophers of all ages he looked upon the manners and conduct of the people who came in his way, rich and poor, and made reflections on them as if he was not one of them but exalted above them.

He had heard that Lucy was but a novice at service, so he pitied her and always took particular notice of her; and paid her particular attention whenever he met her; to him she imparted her fears about Betty, he sagely took the matter under consideration and resolved to set all right.

Lucy had no doubt of the success of such an experienced old man, she ran to him next morning to hear the result of his consideration. "Well Owen," said she, "have you settled the matter for me?" "Dear bless me!" said Owen, "you are mighty nimble minded, sure we must wait and wait, aye, may be this whole season before one thing matches another so as to do any good, but I tell you for your comfort, people seldom find wickedness answer them in this world and they never do in the next. You must depend on Providence, which is the best regulator ever came across me; but God wont do every thing for us, he helps us and that is no reason we must do nothing, and he will help us in his own time, his time it is fit we should wait for. Dont you know that if I never sowed that drill of parsley it would not have come up, and if I sowed ever so much and no rain or sunshine came down from heaven it never could come up either; and we must wait in patience for the natural seasons to come; sometimes we sow a crop be-

fore winter and never see a sight of it till spring, so you must not depair, but your own faithfulness may turn out well all in good time. I tell you, young woman, you dont know what is in the wind" Lucy listened to Owen's harangue with the most devout attention; she felt herself in the midst of such comfortless society, that every word of hope or encouragement was like a ray of light which gave her fresh vigour to pursue her dismal way. Every night she had an argument with Betty about taking the child out and in spite of Betty's dreadful tongue, and Jane's shrieks she was resolved to prevent it. Mary sometimes overheard the dispute and would listen only to Betty's story who did not scruple to say she was rescuing poor Miss Jane from Lucy's cruel blows. Lucy was once or twice heard to say she wished there was any authority exercised over the children, or that her mistress would assist her in taking care of them. These speeches if literally repeated would have vexed the proud Mrs. Thomson but when they were misrepresented by the malicious tongues of Betty and Mary, they were indeed provoking. Mrs. Thomson thought she could bear Lucy no longer and gave her warning before the three months expired. Lucy was pleased at the prospect of a release, yet dreaded that she should encounter new difficulties. The only sensible people she heard speak were Owen and Dr. A—— and from them both she heard severe censures of the rich, and that even the best of them had little consideration for their servants for want of stooping to become acquainted with their real condition. *To be Continued.*

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

THE MARRIED DEMONESS.

Continued from vol. V. p 101.

MITRA, after some reflections, feared that those first ambassadors had not been pleasing to her husband, wherefore she resolved to send others more considerable than they. Those also went with great despatch, and exhorted Nathan to return to his wife their mistress, by the most forcible reasons they could imagine. You totally lose your time, said he, coldly to them, for nothing is more certain than that I will never return to her during my life. These ambassadors were obliged to return like the first, and said to their mistress Mitra, plainly: Do not think, madam, of sending any more ambassadors to this ungrateful man, for he loves you not, and we are even of opinion that he hates you. This answer made her run to her father to relate to him again what had happened, and to take his advice of what should be done. Asmodeus, after having continued in thought a little while, answered, I have a mind to assemble my army, and to go for him in person; if he will come back all will be well, if not, I will put him to death, along with all the inhabitants of his city, without sparing a single man, whoever he may be. Mitra entreated him to spare himself that trouble; God forbid, my lord, that you should take this great journey: would it not be more proper that you should send me with some of your ministers? as this is the most gentle method, I think it would be likewise the most effectual. I will use every effort to make him change his resolutions, and to cause him to return with me. To this her father consented, but he determined that his army should go with her, and accompany her as far as Nathan's city, and also that she should bring her son Solomon along with her.

This was accordingly done as he ordered. The night that they arrived at the gates of the city, the soldiers declared that they would enter it, put Nathan to death, and destroy all the inhabitants Mitra felt the greatest horror at the proposed massacre, and forbad them from attempting any thing without her orders. Do you not know, said she, that all the citizens are at present asleep? And you are not ignorant that they are all Jews, that they have all commended their souls to God before they went to sleep, and that consequently we can do them no injury while they are under his protection. Let us proceed in a different manner, and let us commit no sin; let us wait till it be day; and then we will immediately enter the city, and if we find them disposed to satisfy our desires, all will go well